Falling

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/8574865.

Rating:
Mature

Archive Warning:
Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Category:
M/M

Fandom:
방탄소년단 | Bangtan Boys | BTS

Relationships:
Kim Taehyung | V/Park Jimin, Jeon Jungkook/Min Yoongi | Suga, Min Yoongi | Suga/Park Jimin, Kim Taehyung | V/Min Yoongi | Suga

Characters:
Kim Taehyung | V, Park Jimin (BTS), Min Yoongi | Suga, Jeon Jungkook

Additional Tags:
references to past ot3, references to past ot4, Anal Sex, Blow Jobs, Fluff, Angst, vmin centric, jimin pov, side sugakookie, other bts members appear briefly

Language:
English

Series:
Part 5 of First and Last

Stats:
Published: 2016-11-16 Words: 11,273 Chapters: 1/1

Falling

by rosiex

Summary

The story so far as viewed by Jimin.

FYI this part is mainly Vmin centric and gives insight into what's been going on with them all this time. It also provides a little bit of backstory to the main Sugakookie relationship.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

"Are you sure?"

Jimin nods rapidly. Yoongi's so near, body inches away from his own. Fuck, he needs it, needs *something.* He's so pent up, so frustrated, and Yoongi's not saying no. Jimin had kind of feared that his request would have been met with at best derision, at worst a punch in the face. The glimmer of actual interest had been entirely unexpected.

"Yes, Yoongi, please," he sighs.

Yoongi presses his lips together into a tight line. Jimin watches with bated breath. Yoongi's the only person who he could have come to with this; close enough, but not too close to be awkward.

"And it's just as friends, right?" Yoongi checks.

"Yes, of course," Jimin huffs, more impatient now.

Yoongi seems to consider it a moment longer before nodding.

"Alright."

And when Jimin leans in to kiss, Yoongi lets him.

*

It's been a long day. Hectic as always and Jimin feels exhausted. He lazily waves goodbye to Seokjin. His mind slowly pieces together the thoughts edging at his consciousness. Yoongi must be alone. Which means-

Jimin jumps up, near enough running up the stairs, exhaustion long forgotten. He comes to a halt outside Yoongi's room. God, he hopes he's in a good mood. Jimin knocks tentatively.

"Busy," comes Yoongi's voice, almost bored in tone.

Jimin takes no notice and opens the door.

"Wait, I said I'm busy," Yoongi yelps, actually yelps, flustered.

It takes Jimin a moment to fully take in what he's seeing. Yoongi's sitting up on his bed and Taehyung's in his lap, mouth latched onto his neck.

"What the fuck!" Jimin exclaims.

The scene before him is so entirely unexpected. He doesn't care that Yoongi's with someone else because he can do whatever he wants. But Taehyung? Something about seeing his best friend with Yoongi like this makes his stomach clench strangely.

"Jimin, I can explain!" Taehyung says in a panic, clambering off of Yoongi. He reacts as though he's betrayed Jimin somehow, even though that makes entirely no sense.

"Wait, are you two together?" Jimin asks anxiously. Because hell no did he mean to get involved in some sort of love triangle when he approached Yoongi to help him out with his sexual frustrations.

"God, no!" Taehyung says, and Yoongi looks a little affronted by how vehemently he denies the accusation. "We just, you know, sometimes..."

Taehyung trails off guiltily. Jimin reels. Yoongi's messing around with Taehyung too? The idea seems ludicrous. Utterly insane. And the more Jimin thinks about it, a little bit hilarious.

"So hyung, you're sleeping with both of us, huh?" Jimin grins, arching a solitary eyebrow.

It takes a few moments for Jimin's words to properly sink in and when they do Taehyung gasps loudly. Yoongi rolls his eyes.

"Why do I feel like I'm in a drama right now?" he sighs.

A smirk starts to spread over Taehyung's lips and it does something a little funny to Jimin's insides.

"You dog," Taehyung grins at the eldest. Yoongi just shrugs.

"Hey, I can't help it if everyone wants a piece of Min Yoongi," he says, dry and rather smug.

The three of them descend into silence. Jimin's not quite sure what happens now. Should he go and leave them to it? The other two seem to be feeling just as awkward. Eventually Taehyung clears his throat.

"So, I have a suggestion."

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He doesn't want to admit it, but he's nervous. Sure, he and Yoongi have done this a couple of times, but it was always him being fucked.

Yoongi made his prefrences pretty clear. And he honestly doesn't mind, but this. *This* is what he really craves. Taehyung's looking up at him, teeth showing in a smile and eyes shimmering with excitement.

"Come on, Jimin," Taehyung whines playfully, shifting his hips eagerly.

"Okay. Just, right-" Jimin mumbles.

He doesn't know why it's such a big deal. It's not his first time fucking someone. And it's not the first time he's been intimate with Taehyung. They've shared handjobs and blowjobs and that ridiculous time Taehyung's tongue ended up in his ass, an entirely new but unexpectedly amazing experience.

But *this* feels like crossing some new sort of boundary. It didn't matter so much somehow, first having sex with Yoongi. They were friends of course, but there was enough distance emotionally between them for it not to be weird. Taehyung however- well, he's by far Jimin's closest friend, the person he shares everything with, and sharing this new experience is incredible but also a little terrifying.

"You don't have to if-" Yoongi starts to say, voice gentle, but Jimin shakes his head.

"No, I want to," he breathes and Taehyung's smile widens almost imperceptibly.

There's silence in the room, broken only by the sound of loud breathing from all three of them. Jimin slowly, so slowly, starts to push inside. His jaw clenches, eyes closing, absorbing everything about the moment. The way Taehyung's legs clench around his waist, the way he feels so amazingly tight, the way his voice sounds as he hums-

Jimin's eyes fly open.

"Are you humming the Star Wars theme?" Jimin asks incredulously.

"Yep," Taehyung grins, as though it's not really fucking bizarre. "Our friendship has now crossed the final frontier."

"The final frontier was Star *Trek,* you idiot," Jimin laughs.

"Oh, right," Taehyung laughs back.

"Why did I sign up for this?" Yoongi grumbles from the other bed.

*

"Hobi-hyung, really?"

Taehyung shrugs nonchalantly at Jimin's words.

"What? He's a good looking guy. And have you seen him dance? He knows how to use his hips."

Taehyung wiggles his eyebrows in a leery way and Yoongi groans.

"You two are mentally scarring me," Yoongi sighs. "I really don't need such in depth analysis of why you two want to fuck Joon and Hobi."

"Ah, don't be jealous," Taehyung smiles, bringing his mouth to Yoongi's neck and sucking lightly at the skin there. "You're still our favourite hyung."

"What a privelege," Yoongi huffs.

"So, who do you pick then?" Jimin asks. He can tell that Yoongi's starting to regret letting him and Taehyung invade his bedroom tonight when they realised the house was otherwise empty.

"This game is stupid," is Yoongi's response.

"Come on, it's just fun," Jimin says. "I've picked Namjoon, Tae's gone for Hobi. If you *had* to, who out of the other members would you sleep with?"

"In what kind of fucked up situation would I *have* to sleep with one of them?"

"Just play the game!" Taehyung exclaims in exasperation.

"Nope," Yoongi grins, clearly enjoying how much his lack of participation is winding up the other two. Jimin sighs. He decides on his best tactic of persuasion.

"I'll suck your dick if you play," Jimin offers, licking his lips tantalisingly to add to the effect.

"You'll do that anyway," Yoongi shrugs.

Jimin falters a moment. It is true that he doesn't want this session to

pass without going down on at least one of them. But he's not letting Yoongi get out of this.

"Maybe I'll save the pleasure only for Tae this time," Jimin tells him. He doesn't fail to notice the flicker of interest that his statement gains from Yoongi. Perhaps his tactic has worked.

"Awesome," Taehyung grins happily, before suddenly remembering that they're meant to be getting Yoongi to play. He tries to shape his face back into more of an impassive expression but it's too late.

"There you go," Yoongi says smugly, folding his arms. "Tae gets a blowjob. I don't have to play this dumb game. Everyone's happy."

"I'm not happy," Jimin protests, prodding Yoongi in his thigh repeatedly, trying to draw a reaction out of the older man. "Just pick, hyung!"

"Please," Taehyung adds, pawing incessently at Yoongi's arm. "We can do this all night. May as well just get it over with."

Yoongi looks at him out of the side of his eyes. Jimin recognises the look of resignation on his face, an expression that's all too familiar from the amount of times he's been pestered by the pair of them. Jimin worries for a moment that Yoongi's just going to throw them out, but clearly the promise of what else is going to happen this evening is proving something of a pull. Yoongi sighs and tips his head back against the wall, scrunching his eyes shut.

"Fine. *Fine.* Jeongguk," he huffs.

"What about him?" Taehyung asks, looking confused.

"That's who I would pick," Yoongi says through gritted teeth, as though this is the most uncomfortable conversation he's ever had. His eyes stay firmly closed.

Taehyung blinks a few times before laughing lightly. "Really?"

Jimin has to admit he's just as surprised. He was sure that Yoongi was going to go with Namjoon or Seokjin. Picking the maknae is a bit of a unexpected answer. Yoongi opens his eyes, a blush unmistakable on his cheeks.

"Really. Now can we just-"

Yoongi is quickly interrupted by Taehyung. Yoongi looks for all the world like he regrets joining in this game. Taehyung looks like Yoongi's answer has just made him the happiest man on the planet.

"How interesting," Taehyung drawls, dragging out the words.

"It's not that inter-" Yoongi tries to speak but he's cut off again, this time by Jimin.

"Our little Kookie, huh? Who knew that Yoongi would like his men barely legal."

"He's nineteen, not a child!" Yoongi protests avidly. "Stop making me sound like some dirty old man. I didn't pick him because he's *young*. I picked him because-"

Yoongi stops himself and looks rather flustered. The blush on his cheeks is deepening and Jimin almost feels bad, but winding up Yoongi is far too enjoyable.

"Because...?" Jimin prompts.

"Can we please just drop this?" Yoongi sighs. "You wanted me to pick and I've picked."

"Just tell us why you picked him and we'll leave you alone," Taehyung promises. Yoongi looks utterly like he'd rather be anywhere else than here right now. He looks over at Jimin pleadingly but Jimin isn't giving in.

"Because, uh. He's cute?" Yoongi offers. Jimin gets the feeling that it isn't the reason Yoongi was going to give before.

"Cute?" Taehyung repeats, eyebrow arched.

"Well, not *cute*. Well, yes cute, but," Yoongi rambles, clearly completely perturbed by this conversation. Jimin shares a quick smile with Taehyung, both of them enjoying seeing their normally unflappable hyung getting so flustered. "I don't know. He's just kind of sweet and funny and I really like spending time with him. Just- yeah." He shrugs awkwardly, obviously keen to bring this conversation to a close. There's a few moments of silence.

"Um, this was meant to be who we'd sleep with, not who we'd date," Taehyung teases gently. He glances over at Jimin who shares his slight bewilderment at Yoongi's comments.

"Look, can we just like, get on with this already," Yoongi huffs, motioning to the three of them. "Enough games."

"Thinking about Kookie getting you worked up?" Jimin grins.

"I hate you both," Yoongi tells them.

Jimin just keeps grinning and watches as Taehyung captures Yoongi's mouth in a kiss.

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"Tae?"

"Hmm?"

"Are you gay?"

Taehyung lifts his head up from where it currently rests on Jimin's stomach. He blinks a few times in confusion.

"Well, given that a few hours ago I had your dick inside me I'm gonna say I'm probably not 100% straight, " Taehyung smirks.

"Fair point," Jimin smiles, but the tone of his voice indicates that he's looking for a firmer answer than that.

Taehyung wets his lips a little. "I dunno. Sometimes you just do things with people because it's fun. And well, you and Yoongi- it's definitely fun." He smiles warmly.

Jimin nods. The answer seems a little unsatisfying though he's not sure why. "What about Yoongi?"

Taehyung shrugs. "I think he's pretty open. But does it really matter what we are or we aren't?"

It really shouldn't matter. And it doesn't, not in the grand scheme of things. Yet Jimin was kind of hoping that he wasn't the only gay one here. He's known that he is for years now and, well, after stumbling across Taehyung and Yoongi it had given him a strange boost to think that his best friend might be the same. Someone who would understand what it's like living a lie for the outside world.

"No," Jimin smiles, trying not to sound too disappointed. "I suppose it doesn't."

*

“You have such tiny hands.”

“Okay, less of the *tiny,* thank you very much,” Jimin huffs.

Taehyung snickers. “Well, luckily it’s only your hands that are tiny,” he winks. “For both our sakes.”

“Well that’s a relief,” Jimin sighs sarcastically, although he relishes a little in the backwards compliment.

Taehyung grins. Jimin goes to move his hand away but Taehyung holds it in place. His long index finger traces over Jimin’s palm, drawing small circles into the skin. Jimin watches the way it moves on him, somewhat entranced.

“I think they’re cute,” Taehyung says casually. Jimin flushes a little and Taehyung catches it. He bites down on his lower lip, looking a little bashful from his comment. “Plus, your small hands make my dick look bigger when you're touching me.”

“God, you’re the fucking worst,” Jimin groans.

Taehyung just laughs.

*

It's a Sunday morning when Yoongi wanders into Jimin's bedroom, arms folded and eyebrow arched.

"This better be good," he says in way of greeting. His voice is scratchy from sleep and he looks mildly disgruntled but the intrigue is also evident. "I don't take kindly to waking up to texts on my phone demanding that I *'get in here right now.'*"

"I don't think you'll be saying that when I tell you that we have the house to ourselves this morning," Jimin grins deviously. Taehyung's light snore cuts through the room, kind of ruining any sexiness but it's fine. They'll wake him up soon enough.

"Are you sure about that?" Yoongi asks. "Kook's door was closed, he might still be in there."

"No, he's at vocal practice this morning," Jimin assures him. Jeongguk was telling Jimin about it only last night, more than a little pissed off that he has to wake up so early on a Sunday morning to attend it.

Yoongi smiles and lets Jimin pull him down onto the bed. Jimin manhandles Yoongi so that he's laying down on the covers, stealing a light kiss before starting to tug off Yoongi's shirt.

"Someone's eager," Yoongi grins but doesn't protest as Jimin flings his shirt to the floor before starting to remove his pajamas and boxers.

"It's been a while," Jimin replies.

Yoongi makes a noise of assent. Jimin draws him into a kiss, hand gently stroking Yoongi's cock until he's eventually fully hard. Taehyung's shifting a little in his sleep on the other bed. Jimin feels a shiver of excitement rush through him. He can already picture it. Taehyung waking up to the sight of him going down on Yoongi; Taehyung joining them on the bed, kissing his way down Yoongi's chest before getting impatient and encouraging one of them to fuck him.

Jimin slides down Yoongi's body, enjoying the sigh that leaves Yoongi as he feels Jimin's mouth on his cock. Jimin starts off slow, teasing him with his tongue before giving in and sinking his mouth down onto him. Yoongi's fingers twist into his hair, gently guiding his movements as his lips start their back and forth over his length.

Jimin knows that he's good at this and it pleases him immensely to know that Yoongi enjoys it. He works Yoongi's cock as best he can, flattening his tongue and applying pressure in all the right spots. He can hear Yoongi gasping softly at the sensations, a sound that adds to his own arousal. Jimin pulls back slightly, mouth hovering just over the tip. He grins up at Yoongi who grins back at him. Jimin's about to continue when Yoongi speaks.

"Kook?"

It takes a moment for the word to register. Okay, he knows Yoongi clearly has a thing for the youngest member, but Jimin's not really down with being called his name while he sucks Yoongi off. He glares up at Yoongi but he's not looking at Jimin, he's looking over at the door. Jimin's head swivels round, following his gaze and-

Oh. Oh, *shit*.

Jeongguk's standing in the doorway, his eyes huge and wide, staring in absolute shock at him and Yoongi. He seems frozen to the spot. His mouth gapes, obviously struggling for words until he finds his voice after a few moments.

"I, um, I'll just-" he stutters before turning and running with speed out of the room.

Jimin looks at Yoongi, panic evident in both of them.

"I thought you said he was at vocal practice!" Yoongi exclaims.

"I thought he was, *shit*," Jimin mumbles, running a hand through his hair nervously. Oh god, Jeongguk looked absolutely mortified. How could he have been so stupid? Yoongi had even said about the door being closed but he was so *sure* that Jeongguk was meant to be out of the house.

"What's all the commotion?" Taehyung asks sleepily, eyes opening blearily.

Jimin doesn't answer him, simply says to Yoongi, "I'll go speak to him."

He runs out the door, leaving Yoongi behind to explain everything to Taehyung.

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"So, hyung, how does it feel to have your dreams come true?"

Yoongi glances over at Taehyung, raising an eyebrow.

"Well, you two are still here bothering me so my dreams sadly remain unfulfilled," Yoongi replies, eyes returning to his phone.

"Ah, come on, you know what he means," Jimin grins.

"I never know what he means," Yoongi retorts, gaze still fixed on his phone. Jimin's sure he can make out the faintest tinge of pink colouring his cheeks however.

"Hmm, what do I mean," Taehyung ponders aloud. "Let me think..." He trails off in mock deliberation, index finger tapping against his chin. "Oh yes, I remember. A little something about you taking our beloved Kook's virginity."

His comment gets Yoongi looking up indignantly. "For god's sake Taehyung, that was *not* my dream. You make me sound so fucking creepy, honestly."

There's a sharpness in his tone and Taehyung's voice softens a little in

response. "Ah, I'm just teasing, hyung," he says. "He did make a nice addition though, right?"

"I guess," Yoongi shrugs, a little *too* nonchalantly to be natural.

"And it must have been nice that he picked you, huh?"

Jimin just watches, knowing that Taehyung's playing a dangerous game, teasing Yoongi when he's clearly already a little riled up.

"I wouldn't read anything into it," Yoongi says dismissively, though the way he says it makes Jimin think it's something that Yoongi's been telling himself since it happened.

"I dunno," Jimin says cautiously. "He was pretty certain he wanted it to be you."

There's a flicker of something in Yoongi's eyes but it's gone before Jimin can focus too much on it. It's the same something that was there when Jeongguk chose him as his first kiss, his first time. He knows Yoongi has a thing for Jeongguk; just how serious that thing is, well. Jimin's starting to think that they may have underestimated.

"Well, at least he's got good taste," Yoongi replies.

"I dunno. We all make bad decisions when we're horny," Taehyung grins cheekily.

Yoongi glares and Taehyung runs out of the room, laughing.

*

"Fuck, Jimin," Taehyung breathes.

Jimin keeps moving, pushing forward until he's completely buried inside of him. Taehyung looks amazing, all sweat soaked hair and hooded eyes and lips that Jimin just wants to kiss until they're even redder than they are now. Taehyung looks up at him and it leaves Jimin breathless, a fact not helped at all when that sultry look turns into a soft smile.

"Ready?" Jimin asks tentatively.

"Born ready," Taehyung winks, and Jimin never knew it was possible to be so simultaneously goofy and arousing before he'd gotten to know Taehyung in the bedroom.

Jimin loves fucking Taehyung and damn, it's been much too long. He soon sets up a pace, sliding into him with a fast rhythm, stealing breathless kisses now and again. Taehyung tends to like it like this, quick and hard and playful, and when it's Taehyung then Jimin's a fan too.

"So good Jimin, yeah, like that," Taehyung mumbles.

The words are hot against Jimin's ear as he mouths at Taehyung's neck. God, Taehyung's voice is the best. Yoongi was always pretty quiet but Taehyung is full of moans and whimpers and murmured compliments. It would be good whatever but hearing it in that deep timbre of his- well, it's fucking wonderful.

"Oh god, don't stop, please, don't stop."

The sound of Jeongguk's voice draws Jimin's attention. He actually gapes at the scene before him. Jeongguk's cheek is pressed into pillow as Yoongi fucks him with an intensity that stuns Jimin. One hand is clutching the headboard, one on the younger's hip; his gaze is focused down on Jeongguk, teeth biting into his lower lip as he groans.

"We should video this. You know, in case Yoongi ever tries pretending again that he's not that into Jeongguk," Taehyung whispers into Jimin's ear. He goes to laugh but Jimin chooses that moment to resume his deep slide into Taehyung and it gets caught on a sigh.

Jimin thinks Taehyung's right. Not about videoing because that's a little weird, but that there's clearly something deeper going on for Yoongi. And from the glances he keeps spotting Jeongguk throwing in Yoongi's direction this last couple of weeks, he thinks the feeling might be mutual.

He doesn't think on it too long however. Taehyung mouths at his neck and his hips roll up into Jimin's and his focus is back where it should be again.

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"So, you and Kookie," Taehyung starts to ponder aloud.

Yoongi's eyes immediately flit over to him, narrowing a little as though ready to challenge whatever comment Taehyung's about to make. Jimin admires Taehyung's bravery. Or stupidity. He's not sure which one it is.

"You both seemed to be, uh, enjoying yourselves the other night."

"Well, isn't that kind of the point of what we do?" Yoongi replies.

"Well yes, but," Taehyung tries again, sighing. "I dunno. There seems to be something kind of- *special* between you two. Not like me and you, or you and Jimin, or me and Jimin, you know?"

Yoongi flushes, the red obvious on his cheeks as Taehyung rambles on. He looks away from Taehyung and purposefully down at his phone.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he mumbles.

"Hyung, don't-"

"Please just drop it, Tae," Yoongi says, his voice soft but making it clear he doesn't wish to discuss any further.

Taehyung rolls his eyes but stays quiet. Jimin's gaze returns to his phone and he tries not to think about how Taehyung had said *not like me and Jimin* quite so casually.

*

"Okay, we need to sort this."

Taehyung walks into the bedroom, chucking his phone onto the covers and flopping down next to Jimin. Jimin huffs and shuffles up a bit to give Taehyung some space on the bed, laying on their backs side by side.

"What are we sorting?" Jimin asks. He pauses the show he's watching on his tablet, placing it carefully on his bedside table.

"Kookie and Yoongi," Taehyung sighs. "My nausea levels can't handle how they keep smiling and making eyes at each other."

"God, I know what you mean," Jimin groans.

It's true. Jimin's not sure if they think they are being subtle but the looks and smiles they keep sharing are pretty obvious. Plus he's fairly sure him and Seokjin had interrupted a kiss when they had walked into the lounge the other day.

"So I think we should maybe give them a push in the right direction," Taehyung explains, tilting his head to look at Jimin. "They clearly like each other but well-" He sighs loudly. "It's Kook and Yoongi. If we wait

for them to actually voice anything we'll be in our graves by the time it happens."

Jimin laughs lightly. "Okay, so what are you suggesting?"

"I have a plan," Taehyung says dramatically.

He holds out his hand, resting it palm upwards on Jimin's stomach. His fingers make a grabby motion. Jimin isn't entirely sure what's happening. He swallows and places his own hand in Taehyung's. The motion gets Taehyung's head lifting up as he looks down at their entwined fingers.

"Um, I was actually asking for my phone," Taehyung says sheepishly, laughing a little. "But sure."

Jimin tries to remove his hand upon realising his mistake but Taehyung just holds tighter. He props himself up on an elbow, leaning over Jimin and grabbing his phone with his free hand.

Taehyung starts scrolling on his phone and his other hand still holds tight and Jimin isn't sure why his stomach flutters quite so much.

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“So,” Jimin says awkwardly. “What happens now?"

Taehyung is grinning excitedly, giddy from the exhilaration of running out of the other bedroom, leaving Jeongguk and Yoongi to it. And now it’s just him and Taehyung.

They haven’t actually talked about what would happen after they executed Taehyung’s admittedly very simple plan of leaving the other pair in a room together and seeing what happens. Jimin has kind of hoped that he and Taehyung would just continue as the two of them, but nothing was ever agreed upon.

“Well, now we have to wait,” Taehyung explains, taking this all so seriously that it’s a little adorable. “And hopefully they admit that they want to be boyfriends or whatever, and our matchmaking magic is done.” He nods firmly after his sentence, proud of his plan.

“Yeah, I know that,” Jimin smiles softly. “I meant, uh. With us?”

“You want to be my boyfriend?” Taehyung teases, eyebrow arched, and Jimin wishes his cheeks wouldn’t flush for no apparent reason.

“No, I mean like- are we still going to do, you know, stuff?” Jimin asks tentatively, hoping to god that the answer is yes. Taehyung laughs lightly at his awkwardness.

“I’m game if you are,” he smiles.

“Definitely,” Jimin smiles back in relief, perhaps a little too eagerly. Taehyung doesn’t seem to mind.

“Cute,” he smirks, before pressing Jimin up against the door and capturing his lips in a heated kiss that is anything but cute.

When Jimin fucks him this time it’s not quite as playful as usual. It’s hot and passionate and Jimin revels in the way Taehyung clings so tightly onto his back as he hits just the right angle, on the sounds that escape his throat as Jimin’s teeth scrape against the skin there. It’s as though he wants to prove that he’s enough on his own, and from the way Taehyung laughs, breathless and stunned, as they come down from their shared high afterwards, Jimin hopes that just maybe he is.

*

“Oh my god, this is fucking ridiculous.”

“Well if you just stayed still for two seconds-“

“It’s pretty hard to do that when you’re touching me, Jiminie,” Taehyung grins.

“And it’s pretty hard to fuck you *without* me touching you,” Jimin huffs.

“Fair point.”

Jimin pulls back a little to look at Taehyung. His smile is brilliant, wide and happy. Droplets of water catch on his lips as they travel down his face, his eyes blinking rapidly now and again so that he can see through the shower spray. Strands of hair clump against his forehead. Taehyung always looks devastatingly handsome made up, but if he’s honest Jimin much prefers him like this; completely natural and still beautiful. Taehyung catches him staring and Jimin rubs at his eyes, pretending like he’s got water in them.

“You know it would be much easier to do this with you facing the wall,” Jimin tells him yet again. Taehyung just shakes his head.

“No,” he replies, resolute. “I want to see you.”

It makes something leap in Jimin’s chest. Taehyung’s always preferred having sex when he can see the other person, *“otherwise I could be fucking anybody”* as his reasoning. Jimin doesn’t mind; in fact, it makes his heart swell to know that Taehyung craves that connection when they have sex. Of course it was always the same with Yoongi too, but Jimin tries not to focus on that.

“Fine,” Jimin sighs.

He presses Taehyung back against the shower wall, running a hand down the back of Taehyung’s thigh and hooking it around his waist. He tries his best to find the right angle in the awkward position and he’s almost, *almost* pushing inside when Taehyung’s foot slips once again. His hand reaches out to the side and it sends the shower caddy flying to the floor, almost along with himself. It’s only Jimin’s hand reaching out to grab his waist that stops him falling over.

“Okay, maybe I’ll just go down on you instead,” Taehyung shrugs, admitting defeat.

Jimin’s heard worse ideas.

*

He knows they have no one to blame but themselves. They are the ones that always encouraged Yoongi; hell, they’re the ones who pushed the two of them together. But Jimin was really not expecting them to be quite so nauseating. Yoongi and Jeongguk aren’t exactly renowned for being particularly romantic guys; apparently they’ve brought out the best (or worst, Jimin’s not sure) in each other. Even throwing the TV remote at Jeongguk’s shoulder doesn’t even seem to deter them.

Jimin hates to admit it but, well, they do look good together. The way they kiss just seems smooth and natural, and even the way they hold hands surprisingly doesn’t look out of place. Jimin doesn’t say any of this of course, just continues to mock and tease them along with Taehyung.

Eventually their focus returns to the television playing the corner of the room, Taehyung’s back on his phone. Taehyung’s fingers resume playing softly with the strands of Jimin’s hair and Jimin relaxes back into the comforting touch. Every now and again he catches Yoongi and Jeongguk glancing at each other. The affection, almost adoration,

in their looks is very sweet but for some reason it makes Jimin feel a little sad.

It must be nice, he thinks, to have someone look at you that way.

*

“What the fuck?”

Jimin’s exclamation is met with light laughter. Taehyung’s hand still holds onto his wrist from where he’s just yanked Jimin into the laundry room. He closes the door behind them, immediately pressing Jimin up against it. Their height difference is a little more obvious like this, Taehyung smiling down at him. His eyes shine happily as he looks at Jimin and Jimin’s stomach swoops slightly from it.

Despite the roughness of being pulled into the room, when Taehyung kisses him it’s light and sweet. His tongue slips past Jimin’s eager lips and Jimin sinks into it, enjoying the familiar taste of Taehyung as their tongues glide together in a playful kiss. Taehyung’s hands hold onto Jimin’s waist and Jimin’s loop around his neck.

“You do know that we don’t have enough time to do anything, right?” Jimin reminds him.

Jimin's very much aware that the car to take them to the studio will be pulling up outside any moment. Taehyung shrugs.

“I know,” he says airily. “What’s wrong with a little kissing though?”

Jimin thinks that there’s nothing wrong with it at all.

*

He’s being stupid. He knows he is.

But no matter how many times he tells himself that, it doesn’t stop the worry gnawing at him. He looks over at the empty chair in the lounge and his mind can’t help but drift. He imagines all kind of scenarios. The pair of them feeling lonely over in Tokyo, a glance lingering too long. Perhaps Taehyung’s hand ends up on Jeongguk’s knee.

Jimin shakes his head as though trying to physically rid himself of the thought. He’s being ridiculous. Taehyung knows Jeongguk’s with Yoongi, he wouldn’t try anything. And likewise, Jeongguk is absolutely besotted with his boyfriend, there’s no way he’d be up for

that. It's not Jimin's place to care anyway. Taehyung is totally free to sleep with whoever he likes. Jimin tries to ignore the twist that the thought causes in his chest.

He's just not used to Taehyung not being around. That's all. He doesn't normally think such irrational things like that. Jimin sighs and tries to concentrate on the show he's watching on his phone. Yoongi wanders into the lounge with his headphones on, flopping down on the couch as he eats some ramen from the bowl clutched in his hand.

A few moments later a message comes through on Jimin's phone and he clicks on it straight away.

Taehyung:

omg

omg

I just caught kookie watching agust d videos

hahaha

Jimin can't help but grin. He can just imagine how flustered Jeongguk would have been when Taehyung caught him. He looks over at Yoongi eating his noodles. He looks pretty calm, nodding his head a little along to the music as he eats.

Jimin:

have u told Yoongi?

There's a short pause and Jimin waits for a reply. While he waits he hears Yoongi's phone buzzing. Yoongi pulls it out of his pocket, unlocking the screen. His eyes widen a little.

Taehyung:

just have

this is hilarious

Jimin:

maybe yoongi can give kook his autograph

Yoongi doesn't say anything but is typing out something on his phone.

Jimin just watches, enjoying his knowledge of what's going on despite Yoongi trying to appear impassive. He waits to see whether the elder will mention anything but he remains silent. Every so often a small smile flickers over his face but he doesn't give anything else away.

A bit later on Jimin decides to head to bed. He misses Taehyung's company more than he expected and sleeping sounds more enjoyable than staying up watching shows. He bids Yoongi good night before climbing the stairs to his bedroom. Hoseok's already snoozing in bed when he walks in so he gets changed and slips under the covers as quietly as he can so as not to disturb the other man. His phone buzzes as he lays down.

Taehyung:

oh god

I think they're about to have phone sex

Jimin:

thanks for the update

but I did not need that information

Taehyung:

:) :)

…

maybe we should too

I'm up for it if u are

??

Jimin's heart races as he reads Taehyung's message. His mind instantly conjures up too many unbidden images of Taehyung alone in his hotel room, touching himself, getting off on talking with Jimin. Fuck, it's hot, but Hoseok's presence in the room makes it impossible.

Jimin:

I can't :(

Hobi's asleep in here

Taehyung:

such a shame

guess I'll just have to make do with my imagination then

good job I have a very vivid one ;)

Jimin:

fuck tae

don't tease :(

Taehyung:

Fine

I won't tell you what my hands doing right now

I'll leave u in peace

Jimin:

Tae…

Jimin doesn't know what it says about him that he's hard without Taehyung even saying anything particularly raunchy. He looks over at Hoseok, trying to work out if he can risk it, but he's never been that good at staying quiet and the last thing he needs is Hoseok waking up to him touching himself. He sighs deeply, throwing his head back against the pillows.

His phone buzzes again and he's almost hesitant to open it, but of course he does. His heart thumps wildly when he sees the photo he's been sent. It's a selca of Taehyung in bed. He's shirtless, his hair slightly messy, winking at the camera with his mouth curved into a smile. Jimin wets his lips, eyes drinking in everything about the picture.

Taehyung:

night gorgeous ;)

It takes Jimin a long time before he manages to fall asleep that night.

*

“Oh fuck, yes, Jimin, *fuck*.’

Taehyung’s panting above him and Jimin moves his mouth a little faster, bringing him to the edge quickly. Taehyung’s fingers scrabble in his hair. Jimin can feel the tremble in his thighs as Jimin sinks his mouth down fully once more and it’s enough. Taehyung’s fingers suddenly grip harder and a beautiful moan falls from his lips as he comes, Jimin swallowing what he can.

Taehyung laughs his usual awed laugh, happy and satisfied.

“Shit, how are you so good at that?”

Jimin grins, crawling up the bed to lie next to him. Taehyung’s hand clumsily reaches out, holding the back of Jimin’s neck as he pulls him down into a kiss. It’s slow and lazy and wonderful. When they break apart Taehyung hums contentedly. His hand stays on Jimin’s neck, eventually pulling him down so that Jimin’s head rests on his shoulder. Taehyung pulls his jeans and underwear back up, not bothering to do the zipper.

Jimin throws an arm across Taehyung’s chest, nuzzling into the material of his t shirt. Taehyung’s arms wrap fully around him, holding him close. He presses a gentle kiss into Jimin’s hair and it sends a warmth flowing through Jimin’s entire body. He shifts in tighter to the younger.

“You’re amazing,” Taehyung murmurs into the strands of Jimin’s hair.

“I just enjoy doing it,” Jimin explains, shrugging as much as he can in their entwined position.

“Not the blowjob,” Taehyung says quietly. “Well, yes that, but I mean you. You’re amazing.”

Taehyung’s always easy about giving compliments but something about it turns Jimin’s insides into a complete mess. He doesn’t know what to say. He just clutches on a little tighter to Taehyung and he’s pretty sure he feels Taehyung hold him tighter too.

*

It's been a long day. Their schedules are always busy but for some reason certain days end up feeling more draining than others. He knows he's partially to blame for how he's feeling today. The choreography they were all learning earlier wasn't *that* difficult and

Jimin knows that he should have performed it far better than he did.

He replays the steps in his mind in the darkness of the bedroom. Maybe he'll get up early tomorrow to go over routine a few more times in private, just to get it up to the standards he expects of himself. There's light breathing from the other two beds but Jimin thinks they are both still awake, not sounding like the deep, rhythmic breathing of sleep.

"Hobi-hyung, sorry I kept messing up today," Jimin says to the dark room. There's a few moments of silence.

"What are you on about, Jimin?" Hoseok eventually says. "You were doing the routine perfectly."

"I'll do better," Jimin promises. He knows that Hoseok's default mode is positive so quickly shakes off his comment.

"You're crazy," Hoseok replies with a small laugh. "Seriously, you were excellent."

Jimin doesn't reply, just gives a quiet noncommittal hum in response. Taehyung decides to jump in to the conversation at that point.

"You're too hard on yourself, Jiminie," he says.

Jimin gives the evasive hum again and Taehyung sighs, but says no more. Silence falls back over the room. Hoseok's breathing starts to slowly turn more steady as he begins to slip into sleep. Jimin has the sensation that Taehyung however is still very much awake, a fact confirmed when he hears a nearly inaudible whisper from the other bed.

"Please don't doubt yourself."

Jimin swallows thickly. He doesn't say anything in response, wishing that he'd never brought up the topic now. Taehyung doesn't comment further either. A few moments pass before he hears Taehyung shifting under his covers. Jimin can only make out the faintest outline of Taehyung in the black of the room, but he's pretty sure that Taehyung's stretched out his arm towards Jimin's bed. It makes him swallow again, but this time not from awkwardness but from the fact that out of nowhere the action makes him want to cry.

He reaches his own arm out. The gap between the beds is a little too wide but their fingers manage to meet in the middle. Taehyung curves

his so that they hold on to Jimin's and it fills Jimin with a deep warmth in his chest.

When Jimin falls asleep his arm is still stretched out, and Taehyung must still be awake because when he does drift off, Taehyung is still holding onto him tightly.

*

“God, he’s so sweet,” Taehyung sighs. “Isn’t it nauseating?”

Taehyung grins over at Jimin who nods in agreement. Jeongguk’s just been in their room in something of a panic about what to buy Yoongi for his birthday. Their suggestions weren’t entirely helpful, particularly Taehyung’s one about a lap dance. Jimin’s not exactly sure that the other members would appreciate having to see that at the party.

Jimin rolls onto his back, Taehyung’s limbs tangling with his own beneath the covers. They’re both kind of sticky and gross given that they’d indulged in some quick but always enjoyable hand jobs that morning, finishing only a few minutes before Jeongguk had chosen to walk in. Jimin doesn’t mind the uncomfortable feeling however, especially when Taehyung shuffles even closer, nuzzling his nose into Jimin’s neck.

“Have you got Yoongi-hyung’s present yet?” Jimin asks.

“No, I’m gonna get him something this week,” Taehyung says, breath fluttering hot against Jimin’s skin. “Have you?”

“Not yet,” Jimin tells him.

“Want to go shopping together?” Taehyung asks and fuck, it worries Jimin why such a normal suggestion can make his stomach swirl in excitement.

“Sure,” he says. Jimin pauses a moment. He thinks back on Jeongguk’s mention earlier about the sweater Taehyung bought him for his birthday last year. “Thank you again. For that sweater.”

He feels Taehyung shift, tilting his head up a little to look at Jimin. He blinks a few times in confusion.

“When did I buy you a sweater?” he asks, scrunching up his nose slightly.

“You know. For my birthday.”

Taehyung laughs softly. “That was months ago. Why are you thanking me now?”

Jimin shrugs, blushing slightly. “I don’t know. Just wanted to say it.”

Taehyung laughs again, a sound that Jimin can never get enough of hearing. He reaches out and pinches Jimin’s cheek playfully.

“Stop being cute,” Taehyung says. “I just like to make you happy. And if it means buying you a sweater, then a sweater you shall get. ”

The flush on Jimin’s cheeks deepens slightly. “You do make me happy,” Jimin tells him.

The words kind of slip out without Jimin being able to stop them. He's not quite sure why he says that but, well, he guesses it's true. In fact it makes Jimin somewhat concerned to consider just how much of his happiness seems to be tied up in Taehyung. If Taehyung finds the comment strange then he doesn't say so. Instead he just smiles that brilliant, wide grin.

"Mission accomplished then."

Jimin doesn’t reply, just lifts his head up to meet Taehyung in a light kiss. It deepens fairly quickly, Taehyung's tongue licking at his own as they explore the well traced territory of each other’s mouths. Taehyung’s smiling into it as his finger tips dart across Jimin’s collarbone. Jimin hopes with all he has that Hoseok decides to stay down at breakfast a little longer.

“So, can I expect a lap dance for my birthday this year?” Taehyung asks playfully when they break apart. His eyes sparkle with humour.

Jimin twists his lip into a contemplative expression. “Maybe,” he grins.

Taehyung’s eyes light up. “Awesome,” he smiles.

Jimin just shakes his head and draws Taehyung into another kiss. In all honesty the thought of giving a lap dance is pretty awkward but, he thinks, there’s really not much that he wouldn’t do for Taehyung.

*

“Tae seems really keen to keep the party going,” Hoseok chuckles as

they walk into their bedroom.

Jimin must say he's very impressed with Taehyung's wingman skills. He's literally clinging onto Seokjin in the hallway, trying to hold him back from interrupting whatever Yoongi and Jeongguk may be getting up to in Yoongi's bedroom. Jimin laughs and starts getting undressed, fumbling more than usual in his tipsy state. Hoseok flops onto his bed fully clothed, sighing loudly.

"Seems like Yoongi-hyung enjoyed his birthday," Hoseok grins.

"Think he would rather not have worn that party hat though," Jimin observes.

He finally gets into his pajamas, climbing in under the covers. He feels pleasantly inebriated, on a high from what a fun evening it's been. He loves getting to spend time with the other members like this, all of them together and away from the pressures of their daily routine. It's nice to see Yoongi looking so happy too. It seems to be his default mode lately and it's warming to see.

Taehyung wanders into the bedroom after a short while, smiling softly to himself. He takes about as much effort as Jimin did getting changed into his pajamas, stumbling a little and making Hoseok laugh.

"You not getting changed, hyung?" Taehyung asks.

"Too tired," Hoseok replies, closing his eyes.

Taehyung grins and wanders over to switch off the light, plunging the room into darkness. There's a loud "ouch!" as Taehyung appears to walk into the end of either his or Hoseok's bed, prompting snorts of laughter from the other two. Eventually he seems to find his way under his own covers. Quiet settles over the room.

Jimin's eyes slowly adjust to the darkness. Taehyung's laying on his side facing Jimin. Jimin can just about tell that he's still got a smile on his face and it puts one firmly on Jimin's. It's not long before light snores from Hoseok start rumbling through the room. Taehyung's then getting out of his bed, coming to kneel on the floor beside Jimin's.

"Hi," he grins tipsily.

"Hi," Jimin grins back.

Taehyung's palm rests on Jimin's jaw as he kneels up and brings their

lips together. His tongue slides eagerly into Jimin's mouth, meeting sloppily with Jimin's. The kiss lacks any finesse; it's wet and messy and with way too much tongue, but it honestly doesn't matter. Jimin just loves kissing Taehyung. His own hand lifts to tangle in Taehyung's hair, deepening the kiss even further.

"Jimin," Taehyung whines quietly into the kiss and fuck if it doesn't send the most pleasurable shiver through him.

"Get in," Jimin tells him, flinging back the covers.

Taehyung doesn't need asking twice. He near enough jumps into bed beside Jimin, resuming their kissing straight away. Their hands are all over each other, grabbing onto thighs and slipping under shirts, caressing and touching what they can. They know it can't go any further, not with Hoseok still in the room, but Jimin enjoys it so much regardless.

They kiss heatedly for a long time, only stopping when Hoseok seems to stir and starts mumbling something incoherent. They look at each other and share a silent laugh. Their kisses slow down after that, turning languid and sensual. Jimin's lips feel chapped and tender but he keeps on kissing Taehyung, taking everything that he's given. Their hands slow their movements, stroking gently against hips and chests instead of the frenzied touching of before.

Eventually the kissing comes to an end too. It's dark in the room but Jimin can still make out enough of Taehyung to see the soft smile that he gives Jimin, to see the fondness evident in his gaze. It makes Jimin hold his breath, almost as though in anticipation, though for what he's not sure. Jimin reaches out, runs his fingers through Taehyung's hair. Taehyung leans up, tenderly pressing a kiss to Jimin's cheek.

Taehyung falls asleep in Jimin's bed that night, both of them wrapped up in each other's arms.

*

"What are you making?"

"Just a fruit salad thing," Jimin shrugs. "Nothing much."

Taehyung walks up behind him. His arms wrap around his stomach, chin hooking over Jimin's shoulder. It makes Jimin feel unnecessarily warm.

"Hmm," Taehyung says suspiciously. "You're not dieting are you?"

"No," Jimin tells him. "Just being healthy."

He twists his head back to look at Taehyung and smiles at him reassuringly. Taehyung frowns a little longer but then his features softens and he smiles brightly back.

"Good," he says firmly.

He squeezes his arms tighter around Jimin and presses a quick kiss to his lips. Jimin turns back around, needing to focus on something other than the way Taehyung's eyes shine so genuinely. Jimin worries that if Taehyung gazes too long at him, his own eyes may give away just how happy Taehyung's attention makes him.

He keeps on chopping. Taehyung doesn't let go.

*

Jimin bounces on the balls of his feet, trying to shake off some of the nervous energy surging through him. It doesn't matter how many times they do this, there's always a building sense of excitement before they perform. Yoongi and Jeongguk are standing off to the side, laughing about some dance move that Jeongguk's showing the elder. Yoongi's teeth show as he smiles and Jeongguk tips his head backwards in laughter, the hilarity of whatever they're discussing clearly getting to them both. The noise draws Hoseok's attention and he wanders over to join the pair, talking animatedly as he does so.

"Yo, Jimin."

Taehyung's voice is deliberately low and sexy as he slides up next to Jimin. He jerks his upper body, flicking off the arm of his jacket to expose just one shoulder, tossing his hair from his face as he pouts seductively. Jimin pushes him away lightly, used by this point to the way the others tease him for his now signature dance move.

"Fuck off," Jimin laughs.

Taehyung just laughs back. There's the sound of excited chatter behind them as a girl group gathers, ready to take to the stage after BTS. They're getting their make up and hair touched up by the stylists, glancing occasionally over in their direction, whispering excitedly. There has certainly been a lot more interest in the group since the success of their last album, the fervour still not dying down even all

these months later. Jimin still finds it insane. He looks down at his shirt, straightening it out a little. Not that it has any creases; it's more a distraction.

“Oh hey, she’s cute.”

Taehyung’s words immediately draw Jimin’s attention. His lifts his head up. Taehyung’s gaze is focused somewhere over Jimin’s shoulder, a small smile on his face. Jimin follows his line of vision, glancing over his shoulder and seeing a petite, pretty girl looking over. She suddenly looks away shyly when she spots the two of them staring back at her.

Taehyung's gaze falls back to Jimin. He's watching him, waiting for his reaction. Jimin tries to pull his face back into something impassive, neutral.

“Yeah, I guess,” Jimin says with a shrug, trying to keep his voice casual.

"Do you think I should go and speak to her?" Taehyung continues.

He keeps watching Jimin, waiting expectantly for his response. Jimin tries his hardest not to let the hurt he's feeling show on his face.

The stage manager comes over, signalling to them that they’re due to be on stage in one minute, and Jimin's saved from having to answer. The group gathers together and Jimin really tries hard to concentrate on whatever it is that Namjoon’s saying. He really tries. But suddenly all Jimin can focus is on the way his chest is tightening so incredibly painfully.

It’s only in that moment that Jimin truly realises just how fucking stupid he’s been. He’s fallen for his best friend. Oh god, he’s such an idiot; he’s actually fallen for Taehyung. The understanding dawns on him, overwhelming and terrifying. And suddenly, in that busy backstage area, full of music and noise and people, Jimin’s never felt quite so alone.

*

“Wake up, Jiminie.”

Jimin blearily blinks open his eyes. For a moment he feels confused, unsure as to what’s going on. There’s breath warm against his ear, a long arm wrapped around his waist and a chest pressed firmly against

his back. As he slowly comes more into consciousness he recognises that the voice is Taehyung's, as is the body clinging to him. He freezes.

"Let me sleep," he says as firmly as he can manage. His voice catches in this throat, both from sleep and from the pain of having to give such an instruction.

"Aw, come on," Taehyung cajoles happily against his ear. "Hobi-hyung's gone out for the morning."

"I don't really feel like it, Tae," Jimin tells him.

He can feel the way Taehyung tenses up at his words and he hates it. He hates having to be like this. Yet he knows deep down that it's necessary.

Ever since he's realised just quite how deep his feelings for Taehyung have become, Jimin's known that they can't carry on like they have been. It's impossible when every look, every kiss and every touch now holds something deeper for Jimin, whereas for Taehyung it clearly still remains as fun. It was a harsh reminder backstage the other day that this will of course all end at some point and Jimin can't bear to become even more involved than he apparently already has.

"Have I done something wrong?" Taehyung asks him. "I feel like you're never interested in this lately."

His voice is so full of concern and hurt that Jimin can't stand it. He swallows heavily before responding. He remains facing away, eyes focused on the wall.

"No," he replies. "I'm just not feeling well, sorry."

His statement gets Taehyung sitting up, looking down at him. Jimin glances up. Taehyung's hair is all messy from sleep and his lips are dry and there's an imprint of the pillow on his cheek, but Jimin still thinks he looks amazing. God, he's so fucked. Taehyung eyebrows furrow into a frown.

"Do you want some medicine?" he asks. Jimin shakes his head.

"No, it's okay," he tells him. "I just need to rest a bit I think."

Taehyung keeps on looking at him, gaze not faltering. He lifts his hand, sweeping the hair back from Jimin's forehead.

“You’re sure you’re sick?” he asks tentatively, sounding also a little sad. “It’s not- something else?”

Jimin feels awful lying, he truly does, but he sees no other option. “Of course,” he answers, offering a small smile. “What else would it be?”

His response doesn’t seem to appease Taehyung. The younger just continues to stare down at him. Jimin avoids his gaze, closing his eyes as though needing to fall back to sleep. His heart races though. Taehyung stays watching him for a while longer until Jimin feels him finally move. He doesn’t get out of bed though; instead he settles back down behind Jimin. His arm snakes back around his waist, holding him close. He buries his face into Jimin’s shoulder, resting his ankle against Jimin’s own.

Jimin doesn’t fall back to sleep.

*

Jimin slowly comes out of a dream. He's not sure what it was about, the images already fading fast. He can hear voices talking softly. He keeps his eyes closed, not wanting to talk to anyone right now. He's on the couch in the lounge having fallen asleep watching a movie with Jeongguk. Jimin's taken to spending more time in the lounge lately rather than his bedroom, and if he falls asleep here all the better. He feels like some distance from Taehyung is the best course of action right now.

The voices are clearly Jeongguk and Yoongi's. Jimin panics for a moment that he may have woken up in the middle of something sexual but their voices are quite calm as they talk. They're speaking in fairly hushed tones, most likely because they think that Jimin's asleep and don't wish to disturb him.

"Yeah, he's getting good at tricks. They sent me this yesterday," Yoongi says.

There's a quieter sound from a video that seems to be playing. There's not much noise that gives away what the video's about until there's a small bark and Jimin figures Yoongi must be showing the younger a video of his dog.

"Wow, that's pretty clever," Jeongguk says and Jimin can hear that he's smiling.

"He's a Min. So obviously a genius."

There's a quiet snort from Jeongguk at Yoongi's comment.

"Here, get ready to see a *real* genius."

There's a few moments of silence as Jeongguk seems to load a video of what Jimin can only assume is his own dog back home. Yoongi chuckles at whatever it's doing.

"Cute."

"Not *cute*. Busan dogs are tough. Like their men," Jeongguk tells him.

"Daegu dogs have enough charm that they don't need to resort to violence," Yoongi replies. "Like their men."

They both burst into hushed laughter.

"Daegu and Busan. It can never work," Jeongguk chuckles.

"Hmm, there might be a few exceptions," Yoongi concedes.

There's a soft sound that can only be them kissing. Jimin's chest feels heavy. He's happy for his friends, he really is. He truly doesn't want to become bitter. But shit, he wants this. He wants to laugh with Taehyung and share kisses and just *be* with him.

"So you do admit that Busan men are tough then," Jeongguk teases.

"Sure, baby," Yoongi tells him in an entirely unconvinced voice. "Whatever you say." Jeongguk just laughs again.

The heaviness in Jimin only grows further. He's never heard Yoongi use terms of endearment like that before, something he clearly only lets slip when the two of them are alone. Jimin can't help but imagine hearing it in Taehyung's deep tone, words pressed into his skin as they hug and kiss.

Jimin decides to feign waking up, not wanting to torture himself with what ifs much longer.

When he eventually heads to bed Taehyung's already asleep and Jimin isn't sure if it feels relieved or disappointed.

*

Jimin opens the door to the lounge. Jeongguk's laughing and Taehyung's looking at him in mock outrage. The music from the video

game plays on the television.

"Kook kick your ass again, Tae?" he smirks.

"Of course," Jeongguk replies with a grin as he stands up. Jimin's not entirely sure how Jeongguk managed to be born with skills in pretty much everything. "Perhaps you should challenge Tae instead. You know, bit more equal footing."

"So cocky," Jimin grumbles in response, though it's said playfully.

"Come on then," Taehyung laughs.

Jimin looks down at him. The controller is thrust in his direction. His gaze follows along his arm to stop at Taehyung's face. He's smiling so happily and so warmly and Jimin's stomach twists uncomfortably. Although he's stopped himself from being intimate with Taehyung recently he of course hasn't stopped interacting with him. He couldn't bear to hurt his friend like that and Taehyung's done nothing wrong. It was always clear that this thing they had was for fun; it's Jimin's own stupid fault that he's gone and developed feelings along the way.

After a moment's hesitation he takes hold of the controller, sitting down cross-legged on the floor. Taehyung picks his own back up again too.

"Right, get ready to be beaten by a *real* pro," Jimin boasts teasingly. Taehyung chuckles beside him.

"Get ready to eat your words," Taehyung jibes back.

It's enjoyable playing the game. Time spent with Taehyung has always been fun and easy and this is no exception. For a moment Jimin can almost imagine that they're back to just being best friends again. Perhaps it won't be so bad. He can get over his feelings; no, he *has* get over them.

The game finishes and Taehyung's won. He cheers himself in victory and Jimin can't help but smile at his excitement. Taehyung places a hand on Jimin's knee and he instantly tenses. The touch is so casual, so familiar, but it sends a jolt of longing through Jimin. Who's he kidding - getting over this is not going to be as simple as just telling himself that he has to.

Taehyung seems to notice Jimin's reaction to his touch. He looks confused but he doesn't say anything. Instead he just quietly removes

his hand and places it in his own lap.

"Uh, another game?" Jimin suggests quietly.

Taehyung nods, but Jimin feels like something has changed in his gaze. He picks up his controller and Jimin picks up his, and they both let themselves get lost in another game.

*

"So, I think Yoongi and Jeongguk are about to sort things out," Jimin says as he walks into the bedroom. "Yoongi showed up to the studio to talk with him just now."

Taehyung's sitting on his bed, looking at his phone. When Jimin speaks he looks up, placing his phone on the mattress beside him. He nods and wets his lips lightly.

"That's good."

Taehyung pats the bed next to him, motioning for Jimin to sit down next to him. Jimin glances over to his own, safer bed momentarily before giving in and sitting next to Taehyung.

"Where's Hobi?" Jimin asks, a little anxiously.

"Oh, he's out," Taehyung says, seeming a touch on edge too. "So we've got the room to ourselves."

He smiles softly at Jimin and Jimin can't help but smile back. Taehyung leans in. He doesn't kiss him but lets his mouth drop to Jimin's neck, lips trailing across the skin there. He plants delicate kisses all the way along the length of his neck until they reach just below Jimin's jaw.

Jimin can't resist giving in just for a few moments. It's wonderful and warming and fuck, it's too much. He can't do this. He's been so good at avoiding getting into this situation with Taehyung and he can't ruin it with a moment of weakness. He has to move on. He just has to. If his feelings keep developing the way they are it's going to impact on his friendship with Taehyung and he just can't stand such a thought.

"Jimin," Taehyung breathes against him, voice gentle, delicate as it flutters across his skin. It seems like he's about to continue speaking; Jimin knows he has to do it now or he never will. He feels Taehyung's mouth open to talk and it takes every ounce of willpower within

Jimin to tilt his head away.

"Tae, stop. Please," he whispers.

Oh god, he can't bring himself to look at Taehyung. His skin tingles where Taehyung's lips have just been and he forces himself not to just lunge at the other, to give in entirely not matter what the cost. He doesn't though; he remains resolutely staring down into his lap.

"What's wrong, Jimin?" Taehyung asks. His voice sounds almost scared, fear edged in with the confusion.

"I-" Jimin takes a deep breath. He's not even sure he can make himself say it. He waits a few moments, gathering himself. He knows he has to do go through with it. "Sorry, but I don't want to do this anymore. I think it's run it's course."

He feels sick to his stomach as he speaks. It's so, so far from the truth and the thought of lying to Taehyung like this kills him, but what else can he say? I want to stop this because I think I might be falling in love with you? He couldn't bear it; couldn't bear to see the pitiful looks from Taehyung, couldn't bear to deal with Taehyung trying to let him down gently.

"Oh," is all that Taehyung says.

It's only one word but the hurt laced through it sends a very real pain through Jimin. He knows Taehyung, knows that he's probably thinking that this is somehow his fault. He can't let that happen.

"It's- it's nothing to do with you, Tae," Jimin assures him. "This has been great. But we both know this is just for fun and I think maybe it's time to move on."

Jimin still can't bring himself to look at Taehyung. He can't see him but he can hear him. Taehyung swallows thickly, his breathing sounding a little shaky. He says nothing for a few moments but clears his throat after a short while.

"Yeah, of course," he agrees. "Just fun. Don't worry about it."

Jimin's not sure what's worse: the hurt tone from before or the sudden brightness in his voice. He chances a look up at the other. Taehyung's smiling kindly at him and nodding. Jimin can't quite bring himself to smile back.

"Okay, great," he says. "Thanks for understanding."

Taehyung just keeps on nodding, a little too enthusiastically, and fuck, that hurts to see. Jimin needs to get out of here as soon as possible. He feels the telltale stinging in his eyes and he knows that if he stays in Taehyung's presence much longer then tears will start to spill.

"Sure. No problem," Taehyung smiles.

"Cool," Jimin says. There's a short, awkward silence. "So, uh, I'm just going to take a shower."

Taehyung nods again, god, he doesn't stop fucking nodding, and Jimin near enough runs out of the room. He grabs a towel on the way to the bathroom, slamming the door when he gets there. He turns on the shower, letting the warmth of the water slowly fill the room as he undresses.

By the time Jimin steps into the shower he's actually shaking. As soon as he closes the shower door it seems to break something in him and the tears flow hot and wet down his cheeks. He stands under the spray but the tremble in his legs becomes too much. He sinks down to the floor. His head rests in his hands as he lets the sobs wrack his body.

Jimin stays in there for a long time. By the time the tears stop the water is running lukewarm but he barely notices. He steps out, taking as long as possible to dry himself off. At some point he hears the quiet chatter of Yoongi and Jeongguk in the hallway. Their tone is light so he guesses that they've made up.

Jimin looks at himself in the mirror. His eyes are red and puffy. He tries splashing cold water on them but it does little to help. He gives up. Hopefully Taehyung won't be in their room when he comes back in.

His prediction is correct. He decides to get into bed, not wanting to see anyone else tonight. He turns off the lights, climbing under the covers and just wanting to fall asleep so that he doesn't have to think about this anymore. Jimin worries that he will struggle to drift off given what's happened but the emotions of the evening have clearly had their toll and he's asleep fairly quickly.

He may have drifted off without problem but his actual sleep is fitful and he wakes up constantly throughout the night. At one point he seems to have been woken up by some sort of noise in the room. It's muffled and almost inaudible, but for a brief moment Jimin thought it

sounded almost like- like *crying*. Jimin's mind is bleary from sleep; he was probably still half caught in a dream.

"Tae? Hobi?" he calls out quietly.

There's no answer, only the suffocating silence of the room. He doesn't hear any more strange noises and it confirms to Jimin that he must have imagined it in his half-asleep state. He's been having plenty of strange dreams tonight, waking him up almost on the hour. He sighs and turns over, trying desperately to drift back off.

Jimin wakes up ridiculously early the next morning but when he chances a look over at Taehyung's bed he finds that it's already empty. Jimin closes his eyes, blocking out the light but powerless to stop the sadness that slowly settles over him. He doesn't fall back to sleep.

End Notes

So finally the Vmin is here! Hopefully that this provided a little more insight into the Vmin story and a few extra snippets of Sugakookie along the way. I will be checking in with Vmin as the series continues so don't worry, I'm not leaving things there for these two :)

I'm truly overwhelmed in the best way by your lovely comments on the last part, thank you so, so much! I really hope you enjoyed this part, even if maybe Vmin isn't necessarily your ship (believe me, I didn't ship them until this comeback and how cute they've been with each other!)

Thank you for reading! Comments are always very much appreciated <3

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!